

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

LITTLE OLD HOUSE ON THE RHINE.

By Alex. McClafferty.

Sung by Gus. Williams.

Air—The Old Brown Cot on the Hill.

I remember the days that are now past and gone,
When a child how I once loved to play,
By the side of the mill that stands close by the stream,
Where for pleasure I often would stray.
But now I've grown old and quite feeble you see,
And so has my poor Katharine,
But I sigh when I think of my once happy days,
In that little old house on the Rhine.

CHORUS

It was lonely and cold and in winter 'twas drear,
For the wind would assail it at times,
Still there's no place on earth to my memory more dear,
Than that little old house on the Rhine.

Now the old school house stands just the same as before,
With the church and its spires so grand,
Where fond stories of love to each other we'd tell,
As together we'd walk hand in hand.
It was there where the old folks for pleasure would
stay,
And hark 'neath the old shady vine,
How they'd watch us at play when from school we'd
return,
To that little old house on the Rhine.

It was lonely, &c.

They are both dead and gone and they sleep side by
side,
In the grave by the end of the vale,
Where the birds sweetly sing on a bright summer's
eve,
And play in the moonlight so pale.
Good-bye dear old home, fare you well for awhile,
You've sheltered me many a time,
Oh! I'd love to return to my old fatherland,
And that little old house on the Rhine.

It was lonely, &c.

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